

SATURDAY GAZETTE, JANUARY 3.

Saturday Gazette.

Bloomfield and Montclair, N. J.
W. P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.
CHAS. M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

Our PRINCIPAL OFFICE is next door to the Post OFFICE in Bloomfield.

GREETING.

The Editors of the SATURDAY GAZETTE, to their respective readers in Bloomfield and Montclair, and elsewhere—greeting! We herewith place before you the first number of our Third volume, and trust its perusal will gratify you, and its indications of growth and maturity give you confidence.

We are having a few copies of the last volume bound, and will be glad to exhibit it to callers at our office after about ten days.

Our list of regular correspondents and occasional contributors is increasing, and includes some able writers. We shall spare no pains to make the present volume exceed the past, and trust it will be worthy of your generous approval. Hoping you will feel such interest in the GAZETTE as your Local Journal that you will be pleased to aid in extending its circulation and usefulness, we cordially wish you, our and all, "A Happy New Year."

ANOTHER MILESTONE—1874.

During the reign of Caesar Augustus, there was set up at the head of the Roman Forum, just before the Temple of Saturn, the celebrated Milliarium Aureum, or golden milestone. From this the Romans reckoned distances not only along the city streets, but to all parts of their Empire. Stretching out from the gates lay the substantial roads that extended into every province, and these branched out to every important town. Over those solid pavements passed the massive Roman legions, marching out to gain new conquests, or returning victorious to enter their proud city in triumph. Through those gates poured incessant streams of nobles and plebeians, knights and commoners, soldier and civilians, Greek and Roman, Jew and Gentile, bond and free. The system of these roads was so perfect, and the city from which they issued so influential throughout the world, that there arose, and has been handed down to us, the well known proverb, "All roads lead to Rome."

But a thoughtful citizen who looked away from the city, instead of towards it, would think of the regions into which those arteries ran: the vine-clad hills, fertile plains, rugged mountains, trackless deserts, with all varieties of climate, of sea and land, animal and vegetable life. No doubt, many such a moralizer as Horace used this milestone and these roads as an emblem of human life.

Poets of all ages, and particularly the Modern, have represented man's life as a river running to the ocean, there to be swallowed up and lost; as a flame ascending to its source, the sun—as a race course:

"Our cradle is the starting place;
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal.

When in the mansions of the best,
Death leads to its eternal rest

The weary soul."

All which are beautiful and impressive; but the variety of our lives, and the uncertainty of their character and end, are more strikingly portrayed by Bunyan's allegory of a man on pilgrimage, journeying along an unknown road, which leads, he knows not whither, nor through what dangers.

In sight of the Golden Milestone we have our origin, whether in a patrician palace or the Esquiline, or a sum of the Subura, the house of a knight, or the bovel of a slave. But we must all pass out through one of those spacious gates, and travel on into the great unknown. Along those roads stand, at the exact distance from each other, and from that Golden Milestone in the Forum, the milestones on which are inscribed, in distinct characters, the name of the road, and the distance from the city.

We have many such columns along our pathways. In youth they seem few and beautiful; we deck them with flowers, dance merrily around them, and read with care the inscriptions cut upon them in distinct characters. Farther on we pay less attention to them; and finally, when far away from our native place, the milestones are passed by a mere unnoticed, and the inscriptions are dim, or of two little lines for us to stop and decipher them.

Yet it were well for us to pay some attention to these way-marks. They often tell strange stories. Each traveler can see on them an account of his previous journey, and the lessons to be learned from it—written in characters that no one can read save himself. He may read there, at the same time, directions for future guidance.

We do not propose to write a moral to our metaphor; each traveler may draw it for himself. Another milestone has been passed—January 1, 1874.

We congratulate those who have read thereon a record of a well spent year. We share our regrets with those who can find no such inscription for themselves. To all we present our heartiest wishes for a year full of happiness. With Sir John Suckling we would say:

"May we govern our passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as life wears away."

The VIRGINIAN.—This notorious vessel while being towed to the United States met with an inglorious fate on Cape Fair by filling and going to the bottom. There may she stay!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AN INAUGURAL SERVICE of the President and Faculty of the German Theological Seminary here will be held about the middle of this month. Particulars hereafter.

DODDTON SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Bethel Church and Sunday School have good friends in Mr. and Mrs. Dodd. Through their liberality and personal attention, a beautiful and bountiful entertainment was prepared for children, teachers, choir, and visitors. The girls in the infant department received each one a handsome and handsomely dressed doll, while to the boys were given other presents more suitable to the tastes of their sex. Brief addresses, befitting the occasion were made by officers and friends of the school. The singing and its instrumental music under the charge of the choir, assisted by friends from Orange and Watseka, added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

Among the various presentations made, were a gold watch and chain to Rev. J. H. Mart, from Mr. Calvin Dodd; a gold headed can from the Sabbath School, to Mr. J. F. Dodd; and valuable presents from Mr. Dodd to the Pastor, Superintendent and Sexton.

For the Saturday Gazette.

MONTGOMERY, Dec. 30, 1873.

The closing of the public school at this place for the holidays on Wednesday afternoon, December 24, was of a very interesting character, consisting of recitations, dialogues, music, &c.

We were also highly honored by a visit from Mr. Kean (late Principal of the 4th Ward Grammar School, Newark), who gave us a discussion on "Old Times," which was listened to with marked attention by both pupils and parents. The affair passed off very satisfactorily. We were very glad to see the parents and friends of the school turn out on the occasion, and we are sure the Trustees would also be pleased to have them come in at any time, and see the school in operation during school hours.

It may not be amiss at this time to state that we have divine services in the school house every Sunday afternoon, commencing at 3 p. m. (conducted by Brother Pierson, of Newark). All are invited to join with us.

MONTCLAIR.

The Christmas gatherings of the Sunday Schools connected with the Churches, passed off very pleasantly. On Christmas Eve, the children connected with the Episcopal Church assembled and their hearts were made glad by the reception of a handsome present from the large tree that looked beautiful on the occasion.

In the Congregational School each scholar was presented with a miniature basket of good things, of candies, cakes, &c., and a copy of a little book containing a text for each day in the year.

In the Methodist School they were alive as usual, and made preparations to give Santa Claus a warm welcome. He actually came down the chimney to the great wonder of the children and proceeded to distribute the gifts—a good sized turkey to the Pastor and a box of nuts, apples and cakes to all. The occasion was rendered still more pleasant by the presentation of a music stand to Miss Lizzie Reed, and a handsome picture each, to Mrs. Merritt and Miss S. L. Madison. Miss Reed has very kindly given her services as organist for almost a year, and the presentation was a recognition of a favor.

Mrs. M. and Miss M., have been very active in supplying the Church and Sunday School with flowers during the Summer and Fall. A number of teachers and scholars were also surprised by pleasant Christmas tokens.

GAS.—The months of all are filled with praise and mutual congratulations on account of the cheery and beneficent influence of street lamps through the village. It seems but a pleasant promenade now of an evening, to walk up Bloomfield Avenue to Montclair, with gas illumination all the way, to Lectures or other entertainments or to church services. Everybody is delighted with the gas-light except the unfortunate residents on the portions which had to be omitted this year on account of the lateness of the season when the Company were ready to do it.

GREEN.—The green memories of the splendid Christmas Festival in the Presbyterian Church last week, have lost their power of exciting pleasurable emotions because the beautiful wreaths and festoons and pious mottoes with which the Church had been elaborately decorated, at much expense of time and labor on the part of Mr. Theo. Ward and his corps of faithful assistants, were ordered to be removed the following day, by the Trustees, or some one who assumed the functions of that board. The young people of the Church and the town manifested considerable indignation at this piece of semi-vandalism. It has been usual to leave the Christmas Greens in the Church for many weeks, not only as an indication of refined taste, but of green and precious memories of the hallowed day, and joyful occasion which prompted this method of its perpetuation. Many that visited that Church the following Sabbath were grievously disappointed at the destruction of this "thing of beauty" and taste, and of sweet and gladsome associations. Do not the Trustees owe it to the community to give some explanation of this seemingly strange proceeding?

In our notice last week of the interesting exercises of the Union Temperance Society, we inadvertently omitted, in the enumeration of the several speakers, to mention the address of Mr. St. John, whose sententious and logical remarks were received with favor and seemed to make a deep impression.

Mr. Lathrop L. Sturges, another of the old merchants of New York, died on the 17th ult. He was one of the original partners in the firm of Sturges, Cleverman & Co., their respective classes.

"LIGHT."—We are informed that the glass signs for street corners are to be obtained of DENZI, at 24 Dey Street, New York, but we suppose they can be had of any good sign painter.

THE VIRGINIAN.—This notorious vessel while being towed to the United States met with an inglorious fate on Cape Fair by filling and going to the bottom. There may she stay!

LETTER FROM TRUSTEES OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

POSTED BY REQUEST OF THE TRUSTEES.

MONTCLAIR DEC. 10th, 1873.—To E. L. ROBERTS Esq.—The undersigned Trustees of the First Congregational Society of Montclair, in cancelling the nominal debt upon every occasion, when the beauties of their highly favored location are under discussion and when they are "looking down" upon Bloomfield metaphorically, as they are enabled to do actually, that there is a portion of our beautiful Bloomfield that over-lights Montclair and that rival, that much vaunted Township, and may well contest with her the supremacy that she so boldly claims. It visitors to Montclair should fail to be impressed with anything enroute before, they would surely find their emotional thermometer rising, when with an artist's eye they should mark the picturesque wildness of the cut through which the Bloomfield railroad passes at Ridgewood. The splendid possibilities of which that romantic glen is capable, is readily perceived. Before them, northward, lie the ever attractive Orange Mountains, promising them visions which, from some points, can scarcely be surpassed for loveliness, extent and variety.

Visitors to Bloomfield would find in its quiet homelike appearance, its well shaded streets, and its many substantial improvements, sufficient to interest and charm them into remaining to enjoy its beautiful scenery and its cultured society, with little disposition to seek elsewhere, in search of greater attractions, or even for the more brilliant promises of Montclair. As Ridgewood is, in a sense, isolated from either, though belonging largely within the limits of Bloomfield Township, it appears to be comparatively unknown, even to many of the residents of both, and yet it will repay the lover of nature, whether resident or visitor, to ride or ramble in the directions that may be indicated. Taking the Ridgewood Depot as the starting point and going westward toward Orange, is a section of the country unsurpassed in the attractions that it offers for a rural home, elevated but beautifully sloping towards the south.

From any point on Ridgewood Avenue, there is an unbroken view over Bloomfield, Newark and the intervening towns to the Bergen Hills and beyond to Staten Island and Long Island. The northerly view is still more obstructed by the woods, but when they shall have been cleared away it will be seen that this location is a ridge sloping also towards Montclair and laying higher than one half of the settled portion of that town, and affording a commanding view of it, the mountains beyond—glimpes only of which can now be obtained.

I think it can boldly challenge any limited local paper in the country for especial interest to the people it professes to interest itself for.

Respectfully yours,

JULIUS H. PRATT.

N. T. PORTER.

EDWARD SWEET.

C. H. JOHNSON.

SAMUEL WILDE.

Trustees.

APPROBATORY.

EAST ORANGE, Dec. 27, 1873.

MR. LYON: Allow me to add my unite of approbation respecting the GAZETTE.

I think it can boldly challenge any limited local paper in the country for especial interest to the people it professes to interest itself for.

And what wonder that its columns should be instinct with the thoughts of its constituency, when that constituency is probably the most cultivated and appreciative of any rural population of equal number in the land.

It is a cause for wonder to me that every family in its vicinity does not subscribe.

But hoping the new year will so demonstrate its usefulness to the peoples of Bloomfield and Montclair that they will recognize it in the only substantial way to its editor's encouragement, I remain, wishing you a very happy New Year personally.

Very respectfully,

H. C.

BLOOMFIELD, Dec. 28, 1873.

MR. LYON: Dear Sir—It gives me great pleasure, at this time, to offer a word of commendation of the GAZETTE, and of the spirit in which you conduct it. We look forward towards its weekly visits with little interest, and with anticipated pleasure which, (and I speak truly), has never been disappointed.

I can hardly tell you in which part I find the most pleasure; for I read it all, nor do I grudge the time it takes me.

I have heard some of our folks speak

approvingly of H. C.'s writings and

there has indeed been a great deal of sweetness in them.

I call to mind an editorial article which appeared at some little time past, on the subject of the twenty-first birth-day—the young man reaching his majority; another article on true manhood; another on Christmas, &c. Such is, the kind of food that is growing the minds of our youth need. It invigorates and nourishes, and strengthens the intellect. It induces in the mind a better tone and exudes desires for purity of thought, of acts, of life.

Feeling assured that the GAZETTE must

win its way to the hearts of the people,

so creditably represents. I close wishing you a Happy New Year and the GAZETTE a glorious future. Your SINCERE FRIEND,

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